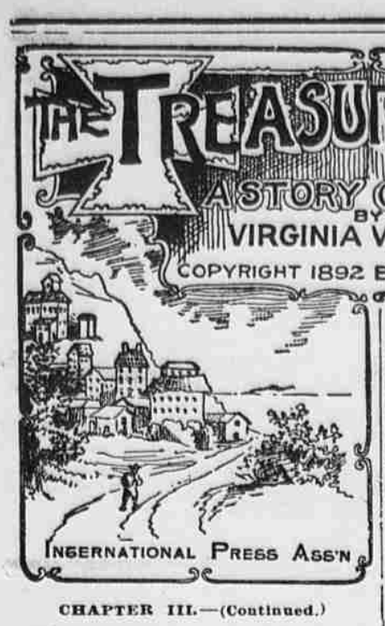


CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

He laughed as he accepted his cup of tea.

"Perhaps Harry would not be too hard on me if I overstaid my leave, forgetting the lapse of time in such charming society as an unlucky sailor is always sure to find in your house, Maud."

Mrs. Griffith sowed a tiny seed, destined to bear later fruit, in her reply, as she selected a sandwich for her young kinsman with her own fair hands.

"I fancy Harry would not be too hard on you if you disobeyed orders altogether."

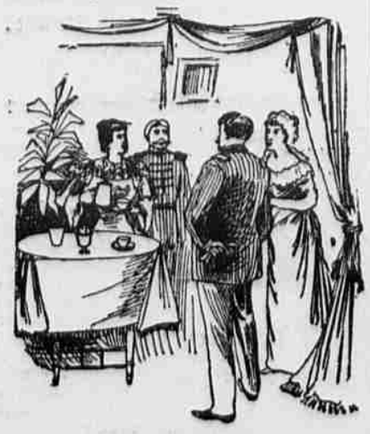
The Harry in question, otherwise Captain the Hon. Henry Montagu Fitzwilliam, C. B., in command of H. M. S. Sparrow, was a veteran officer of dignified, not to say severe, mien; an inflexible disciplinarian, who made the lives of midshipmen and subofficials a burthen by reason of a vigilance deemed little short of galling tyranny and oppression.

Lieut. Curzon found transition of mood and surroundings alike soothing and agreeable. The idyl of youth and beauty in rags was dispelled by the presence of Mrs. Griffith and Miss Ethel Symthe, who bestowed upon the deeply appreciative sailor all those graceful and delicate attentions wherewith wily sirens on land win the hearts of the followers of the sea. He was hot, a little tired and vexed, with all a young man's sense of amour propre, that he had clumsily broken a cup on entering the room. The eye of that son of Mars, Captain Blake, was still upon him, with an undefinable mockery, as of one who had scored a point in the social game to the discomfiture of a rival branch of the service. Mrs. Griffith had never been more sympathetic in cordiality of welcome. Miss Ethel Symthe, with her calm, fair face, and erect figure, was pleasant to contemplate. The softly modulated encouragement of their words and smiles pervaded his senses like a subtle perfume, even as the silken folds of their yellow tea-gowns, all creamy lace and knots of ribbon, brushed his arm. He had regained his own sphere once more after that country ramble, which should have been too trivial to leave even a surface impression on his mind.

It is in such moments of extreme reaction from the unforeseen that men of impulsive temperament cast anchor in the home haven and become sedate husbands.

Mrs. Griffith, as the wife of a military man of high rank, was the power behind the throne in the places where the general was stationed. The tact and amiability of her personal influence were perceptible at Gibraltar, Cyprus, and in India alike. She was ever the Donna Pia of the miniature court of Urbino, organizing the festivities, adjusting all petty differences, giving zest and piquancy to gaiety. Her acquaintances ranged over more than half of the civilized world.

Removed to a new station, the lady invariably adapted her tea room to the requirements of a large circle, as an Arab adjusts his tent. Hence, in the palace of the Knights Templar at Malta, the low chamber opening on a court had a design of bamboo across the ceiling; the walls were wainscoted with panels of cedar, palm and red pine; and the floor covered with delicate matting. Vases filled with chrysanthemums; old screens of six panels, quaintly painted and heavily gilded; and divans covered with draperies wadded with silk, imparted, with the fragrant woods used in decoration, a pervading hue of rich brown



"THIS IS MY FRIEND MISS SYMTHE."

to the room. In one corner was a curious household shrine dedicated to Buddha, with a brass lamp suspended before it, and a shelf, with a circular mirror and tiny trays for offerings of flowers, rice, and incense.

On the present occasion, Miss Symthe had insisted on kindling a stick of incense in a tiny brazier before the god, with a mischievous glance at an elderly clergyman with a weak chest.

Arthur Curzon, soothed by these feminine flatteries, asked himself what scheme his cousin might be maturing in her brain, on his own behalf, with a sentiment of awakening curiosity, as his glance followed the movements of the stout and handsome matron with the smooth black hair, clear complexion, and tranquil gray eyes. Mrs. Griffith was an inveterate matchmaker. No doubt she had a bride ready for him. Who, then? Miss Ethel Symthe, of course. Did he not know feminine tactics?

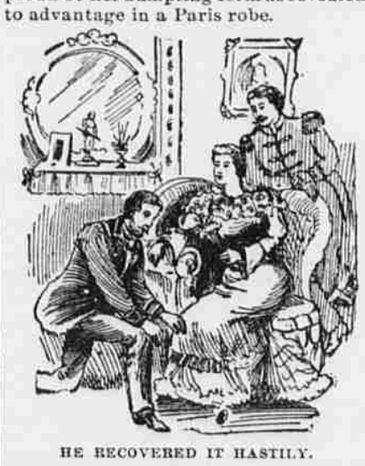
The young man was expansive in responsive greetings to the Ancient Mariner, otherwise Capt. John Fillingham, on the retired list, whose reminiscences extended over forty years of active service, chiefly in wooden ships; wars; the suppression of the African slave trade; or cruising off the Mosquito coast. He had shared the fresh impressions of life of midshipmen with Arthur Curzon's father, the admiral of many engagements.

A kindly old gentleman, warming rheumatic limbs in the winter sunshine of the Mediterranean shore, and with a countenance like the battered figure-head of a ship, the Ancient Mariner scanned the new-comer through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and remarked to Miss Symthe, sotto voce: "A fine lad, and he will prove an exceedingly clever man, if I am not much mistaken. A chip of the old block, as well. They are called the mad Curzons, you know. His father, Admiral Jack, fell in love with such a pretty girl, but without a penny. She was a nursery governess, or something of that sort. He saw her crossing a thoroughfare near his club on a foggy morning. She had neatly turned ankles. Dear me! it seems but yesterday! I was best man at the wedding. We were middies together."

"Fancy!" murmured Miss Symthe, and a slight glow of animation warmed her cheek.

"These young fellows are pampered nowadays," continued Capt. Fillingham. "In my time, we had to put up with salt horse and weevily biscuit, without too much complaint. The uncle, Archibald, if I am not in error——"

"John, dear, have another slice of bread and butter," interposed Mrs. Fillingham, a brisk matron, still proud of her dumpling form as revealed to advantage in a Paris robe.



HE RECOVERED IT HASTILY.

The Ancient Mariner frowned, with an expression of affronted dignity. He was fond of unraveling the thread of reminiscences of dates, places, and people, when he found a congenial listener.

Mrs. Griffith gave the Lieutenant a gilded bonbonniere, with the admonition: "Ethel is very fond of chocolate."

The officer started from his reveries, and presented the box to the young lady. As he did so, the heavy medal fell from his pocket and rolled on the floor. He recovered it hastily.

"What treasure have you there?" inquired Miss Symthe, who possessed an unusually sharp pair of blue eyes.

"A Greco-Phœnician medallion," was the careless rejoinder.

"Where did you find it?" questioned Capt. Fillingham, with interest aroused.

"I bought it," said Lieut. Curzon, and paused abruptly.

"Dear me! You got it of a native, I suppose?" pursued the old gentleman.

"No. Mr. Jacob Dealtry sold it to me over yonder."

Capt. Blake laughed in a cynical fashion. "Has Jacob Dealtry any pretty daughters?" he insinuated.

"No," said Arthur Curzon, with superfluous curtness.

"Surely he has a granddaughter," insisted Capt. Blake, playfully.

The hot blood mounted to the brow of the sailor. "How did you know?" he demanded haughtily.

Capt. Blake slightly elevated his eyebrows, drained his teacup and replaced it on the tray.

"Jacob Dealtry," repeated the Ancient Mariner, in a musing tone. "Where have I heard that name? There was a Capt. Frederick Dealtry on the west coast when I was first lieutenant on the Coquette. I fancy the commander was a Dealtry, who got himself into a mess about the stranding of the Wasp at Salamis. Don't you remember——"

"John, dear, some more tea will do you good," said Mrs. Fillingham, who spoke with a hasty and an authoritative lisp.

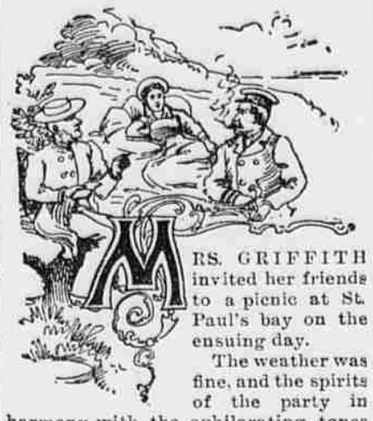
The Ancient Mariner glanced definantly at his helpmate, while consenting to a judicious replenishment of his cup, and fixed Lieut. Curzon with his glittering eye.

"Ah! Now I have it!" he pursued, ignoring feminine interruption. "Jacob Dealtry was the name of the merchant, or trader, at Jamaica, who disappeared so mysteriously after learning of the marriage of his only son in Spain. I was in the West Indian waters at the time, in command of the Vulture. We gave a ball to the ladies in the harbor of Kingston on the very night. Next day the whole affair was town talk. It was most extraordinary, you know. The trader was supposed to be well off, and he had disappeared without leaving a trace. Ensign White told me afterward about the son's return the following year with his Spanish wife, and his search for the missing parent. He hinted at foul play and robbery. There was something wrong. Stop a bit, though! Was the name Dealtry or Brown?"

Capt. Blake laughed again his mirthless, jarring, little laugh.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. PAUL'S BAY.



MRS. GRIFFITH invited her friends to a picnic at St. Paul's bay on the ensuing day.

The weather was fine, and the spirits of the party in harmony with the exhilarating tones of their surroundings. On one side the island, barren and arid, caught the pervading radiance of golden sunshine, and the shadow of passing clouds in orange and purple tints on ridge and hollow, vivid, yet delicate and evanescent. On the other the limpid waves of the bay rippled gently on the strand, and the blue sea spread beyond rock and inlet to the limit of a transparent and luminous horizon. Everywhere was the permeating effulgence of a southern light and color, dazzling to the eye and steeping the senses in a soft languor of indolence. The warm sea breeze mingled with the perfume of flowers in adjacent gardens. Occasionally a bird winged its flight across the zenith. Little craft steered into the bay as the storm-beaten vessel of the apostle is reputed, by tradition, to have once sought refuge here.

The clergyman with a weak chest listened to the ruminating conjectures of the Ancient Mariner as to the much-disputed voyage of St. Paul, and whether the island visited had been Melida, Melita, or Malta, while the ladies manifested a half-fearful interest in the viper, and the possibility of descendants of the reptile lingering on the spot. Mrs. Griffith, handsome and suave, in her maize-colored draperies, appealed to her nautical cousin, Arthur Curzon, as to whether or not the wind Euroclydon was the northeast current which wafted hither the apostle of the gentiles.

"Very possibly," assented the young man, with indifference; for Miss Symthe was in the act of transferring a rosebud from her belt to his buttonhole at the moment.

"Tradition is a bore, don't you think?" added Captain Blake, as the young lady bestowed a similar gift on him.

"Not at all," she rejoined, in a tone of reproof. "All about St. Paul's bay is most interesting."

Here the clergyman opened a Testament, which he carried in lieu of a guide-book, and read aloud several passages in the Acts. Capt. Fillingham became inspired with a kindling enthusiasm of conviction.

"I believe we are standing on the very spot where St. Paul landed," he affirmed, with a sweeping gesture of his right arm, which included sea and shore. "The violent wind had beaten the little chaloup about until the sailors were in despair, and all the cargo had been thrown overboard to lighten the vessel. Only the prisoner Paul, who must live to see Rome, was sustained by unwavering courage, and strove to reanimate the failing spirits of his companions. A man among men, in storm and darkness!"

"Paul was upheld by faith," interpolated the clergyman.

"On the fourteenth night after quitting Crete, Paul counseled all of his companions to eat bread, and strengthen themselves, and in the morning they sighted land, when the ship was driven into this bay by the tempest with such fury that the prow was buried in the sand, the waves washed over the poop, and the whole craft was broken up. Am I right?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jewelry in a Grave.

The largest amount of jewelry known to be in a single grave was buried in Greenwood cemetery several years ago. The undertaker who had charge of the funeral protested against it, but was severely snubbed for his interference. The family had its way, and in that grave is buried fully $5,000 worth of diamonds, with which the body was decked when prepared for burial. Sometimes families who desire to bury their dead in the clothing worn in life—in evening or wedding dresses, for instance—substitute less costly imitations for the jewelry worn in life, partly from motives of thrift and partly from a superstitious fear that anything taken off a body when it is ready for the tomb will bring ill luck to future wearers.

A WOMAN OF NERVE.

SHE FOILED A GANG OF TRAIN ROBBERS.

Mrs. Mattie Reichard of Atkin, Minn., Tells How She "Chilled" the Outlaws Who Intended to Rob an Express Train.

SATURDAY MORNING, March 9 last, the story of a brave woman was told in the newspapers under the caption "Foiled by a Woman." A woman in courage truly, but hardly more than a girl in years, for Mrs. Reichard, who overheard the would-be train wreckers plotting their destructive scheme and telegraphed the warning which saved the train, is only 21 years old. At the request of a Chicago paper Mrs. Reichard tells how the incident happened in the following words:

It isn't much of a story, but this is how it all took place. Friday evening, March 18, I sat up later than usual writing, having cut the telegraph instrument out of the office, as the noise disturbed me. I had been in the habit of leaving the instrument "cut into" the office for company during the night, as I staid in the depot alone with my babe, 2 years old. I think that my having cut the instrument out was what caused the men to talk as they did, for had they heard the instrument they would have gone away.

About 10 o'clock I began to prepare to retire, and while I was disrobing I heard footsteps coming from the direction of the water-tank. I thought it was the section men returning from the store, about one-half mile away, but as they stopped just outside my bedroom door I knew it was not they. I was in bed by this time, but when they stopped I thought I had better see what they meant by stopping there, so I crept quietly to the door and just as I reached it I heard Voice No. 1 say:

"Do you think it will work?"

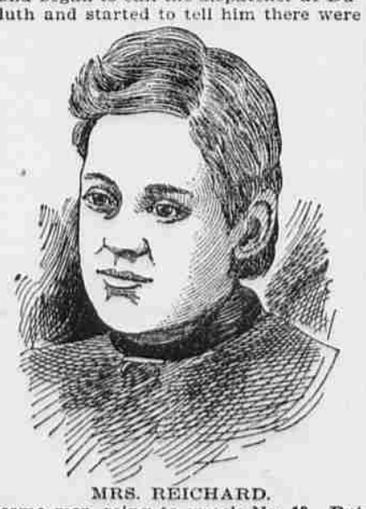
"Sure. No train can get over a pile of ties we put on the track."

Voice No. 2—Shall we put 'em on the bridge or east of the bridge?

No. 2—East of the bridge, for we don't want the express car to go into the river.

No. 1—Well, we will go into the depot and stay until the freights are gone, then fix the ties.

Just as soon as I heard the last remark I knew if I did not tell the train dispatcher at once I would have no chance. So, without waiting to dress, I hurriedly took my revolver, a 32 calibre, and went into the office, "cut in," and began to call the dispatcher at Duluth and started to tell him there were



MRS. REICHARD.

some men going to wreck No. 18. But as soon as the plotters heard the instrument they rushed to the office door, and grasped the doorknob, trying to get in. I instantly picked up my revolver and fired four shots through the door, and had the satisfaction of hearing them run away.

I was so badly frightened it was some time before I could tell the dispatcher. As soon as I made him understand he told me to go for the section men, which I did. We have not seen nor heard anything more of them.

My nerves are badly shaken from the fright, but nothing more serious resulted from the plot. The division superintendent sent out the section-men to patrol the track until after No. 18 had passed.

MATTIE REICHARD.

Atkinson, Minn.

ANN RIVIERE BISHOP.

THE ORIGINAL "TRILBY."

Du Maurier Gets His Idea from Mme. Ann Riviere Bishop.

Speculation as to the original from which Du Maurier drew his Trilby O'Ferrall and Svengali have been rife since the publication of the most popular book that has appeared for many years. All sorts of exemplars have been quoted, but none of them bore a sufficient resemblance to the heroine of the novel to be worth consideration. The musical history of the time in which Trilby's extraordinary history is dated has been ransacked for the name of singers whose careers, in any way, touched upon the meteoric flight of that extraordinary girl through the upper regions of the musical world. Trilby was indeed a shooting star, coming, no one knew whence, shining with rare effulgence for a short time and suddenly losing her brilliance and fading into nothing. She came from nothing and to nothing she returned. The lives of the other great prima donne of the period offer no parallel to this extraordinary story, says the Chicago Weekly. The greatest singer of that day, Giulia Grisi, began life as a chorus girl, showed remarkable talent and an exceptionally beautiful voice, studied hard under good masters, was gradually promoted on her merits, was for many years the reigning prima donna of Europe, declined in popularity with the advance of age and died in retirement peacefully and quietly. Trilby, on the contrary, leaped to celebrity at a bound, blazed forth as a star of the first magnitude and was suddenly extinguished when the magnetic force that controlled her orbit failed to act. So it was with the other great vocalists. Their lives have been written, even to the minutest detail. Their history is the common property of the world; there is no mystery about it. One singer, however, whose fame was world wide, but who now is well nigh forgotten, offers in her career a striking resemblance to that of Trilby. In fact, as far as her professional life is concerned, Ann Riviere, afterward Lady Henry Bishop, then Mme. Anna Bishop and at last Mrs. Meyer Schultz, stands out in bold relief as the only artist from whose life it was possible to incarnate the eccentric but delightful heroine of Du Maurier's wonderful romance. Of course, the story previous to her public appearance as a singer is purely imaginary and the product of the brain of Du Maurier. Ann Riviere never was an artist's model, never wore a soldier's coat, never knocked about the streets of Paris as a waif and stray, but was born and bred a lady and maintained through life the respect and love of all who knew her. Her father, a musician of talent, was of good descent, being a scion of the ancient and noble French family De Crecy, who had emigrated to England during the reign of terror in the first French revolution. She was well brought up and well taught, and at an early age was married to a man very much her senior, the celebrated Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, the well known composer, whose name is made familiar by his famous glee, "The Chough and Crow," the popular songs, "Should He Upbraid?" "Maid Marion" and "My Pretty Jane," and the adaptation from an old Italian air to "Home, Sweet, Home," which in the after career of his wife held the same position as a standing musical dish that English's ballad, "Oh, Don't You Remember, Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" held in the vocal repertory of Trilby O'Ferrall. The married life of Sir Henry and Lady Bishop was troubled always by the ambition of her ladyship, who insisted upon being a prima donna, while her husband, a musician of vast experience, always declared that, although she had a voice, she had neither talent nor aptitude for that position.

Decorative Art in Boston.

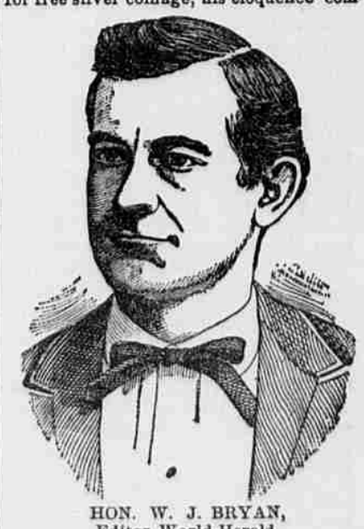
The new public library building of Boston, upon which a very generous outlay has been made, illustrates the possibility of a general revival in these matters of American civic art and architecture. Not only is the building itself most worthily and intelligently designed to meet the objects in view, but its architecture wins approval from art critics, while it is also setting a good example for our civic administrators by employing the best American talent to decorate its interior with artistic mural designs. The city of Paris has lent great encouragement to a noble form of art by engaging great French artists to paint decorative designs for the interior walls and ceilings of a number of public buildings, even including the public schools, Boston has now entereup upon a policy in this regard which it may well continue to pursue.

Bookkeeping in a Law School.

The faculty have decided to establish a course of bookkeeping in the Yale law school, and have engaged an expert accountant as instructor. This is an entirely new feature in law instruction.

An Orator Editor.

Among the retiring members of Congress perhaps one of the most remarkable is Mr. W. J. Bryan of Nebraska. During the four years of his career he has proved himself a natural leader of men. In the fight for a lower tariff, and particularly for free silver coinage, his eloquence commanded the closest attention of the generally boisterous House of Representatives and won applause from millions of people in all parts of the country.



HON. W. J. BRYAN,
Editor World-Herald.

He declined to run for re-election as Congressman, but over 80,000 voters of Nebraska declared their preference for him as United States senator in the election of 1894. As the legislature was, however, overwhelmingly republican, the big vote was only an empty honor.

He does not, however, entirely retire from public life in leaving office, as he has become editor-in-chief of the Omaha World-Herald, which is one of the largest and most progressive of western newspapers.

OCEAN ODDITIES.

The gulf stream is 110 miles wide and from 400 to 600 fathoms deep.

Dr. Young estimates the mean depth of the Atlantic at about 16,000 feet.

The first author to attempt an explanation of ocean currents was Kepler.

The sea cucumber is nothing but a thin skin and a very capacious stomach.

Sea water is said to contain all the soluble substances that exist on the earth.